Vol. XII. No. 1. APRIL, 1897.

THEOSOPHY

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

The Theosophical Movement, the Brotherhood of Humanity, the Study of Occult Science and Philosophy, and Aryan Literature.

FOUNDED IN 1886 UNDER THE TITLE OF "THE PATH," BY

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

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E. T. HARGROVE, Editor.

NEW YORK: The Theosophical Publishing Co., 144 Madison Avenue.
DUBLIN: Publishers "Irish Theosophist," 3 Upper Ely Place.
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147 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Theosophical Publishing Company, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

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PRINTED BY CLARK & ZUGALLA, NEW YORK.

AUM

Life with its innumerable trials has for its aim, in the order of eternal Wisdom, the training of the Will. To will not and to act not, is as fatal to man as to do evil. Man ought, like God, to work without ceasing.—*Hermes.*

THEOSOPHY.

VOL. XII. APRIL, 1897. No. 1.

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this Magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an Official Document.

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THE SCREEN OF TIME.

THE Crusade of American Theosophists around the world will have reached the city of its origin by the time these pages are read. An account of its activities in America will be found in *The Mirror of the Movement.* The journey of the Crusaders across the continent from San Francisco and the wonderful success of their meetings in the many cities they have visited forms a fitting climax to the work of the past nine months. Mrs. Tingley's bold conception of this gigantic undertaking and still bolder execution of the plan, have met with the reward they merited. That part of us which clings to the outer life and loves the mere sound of a well-known voice and the gaze of familiar eyes will have been tempted to exclaim more than once—"If W. Q. J. could but see it all!" William Quan Judge, the man who made all this possible, the man whose nobility, strong steadfastness, self-sacrifice and devotion, built up Theosophy in America, and to a large extent in Europe, upon a foundation of rock! Death to such an one would bring but clearer vision and a wider field of service, so our wish that he, our friend, could see is not based on wisdom,—though it is a very human wish.

We are nearing the anniversary of his birth, the 13th of April.

Arrangements have been made to celebrate the day by a special meeting of all the Lotus Circles, when it is hoped that members as well as children will come together to honor his memory and gain inspiration from his life. It would not be well if such a character were to be forgotten. Not many are known to us in this world who stand out as portents of man's future possibilities. And all of us have to become such as he was, each in his own way and on his own line, before we climb still higher. Those who knew him most intimately loved him best, but hundreds who never set eyes upon his eyes gained from him their life's impetus towards a better and more unselfish activity.

Blind hero-worship was never indulged in at his expense, for he was the first to condemn it; but to recognize and revere all that is purest and loftiest in others is a recognition of the divine in man and all nature. We should not hesitate then to place on record our appreciation of his character and worth. Particularly does this become our duty when his unworthy enemies still fling their home-made mud at the monument of his everlasting deeds. Wife, sisters, friends—these are nothing in their eyes, even less than his admitted virtues, for they, the accusers, have to justify their own iniquity and excuse themselves for his untimely death. So a pamphlet goes out from one, an article from another, a carefully blackening sentence in some newspaper interview from yet a third, "grieving" over the great man's "frauds"—bah! give me a good, honest, open enemy but spare me a little longer a "grieving" *self-appointed* executioner!

For of course William Q Judge had enemies, as Madame H. P. Blavatsky had before him and Mrs. K. A. Tingley has to-day—Judas Iscariot has reincarnated many times! Charges were brought against him, foolish, self-destructive, but with a blare of virtuous proclamation and with tears—tears which I among others had to see and suffer, tears which deceived some but not others. Judas undoubtedly wept when he took the pieces of silver; nothing but his sense of duty could have overcome his reluctance. And on-lookers no doubt said then as they said a few years ago, "There can be no smoke without a fire; we will side with the accuser because we see the smoke." They forgot that such smoke may come from hell—no matter where situated.

No smoke without a fire, true; but where is the fire in a case of this sort? I take a case from my own experience, though I could take many other instances from the lives of those prominently connected with this work. In a city in America there is a branch of a small society which has no connection with the Theosophical Society

in America. It is part of the accepted beliefs of the members of this otherwise harmless branch that I left a wife and three children when I joined the Theosophical movement. Please remember that this is not a rumor ; it is given out gravely as a fact ! Whether the wife and children are starving or not I do not know : I expect they are, and that kindly people have wept over the need of the little ones for bread ! I cannot possibly prove that I never was married, that I am not the father of children. Should I then resign the position I hold in the movement? I think not. I can do what Mr. Judge did under similar circumstances : tell these good gossips to go ahead and establish one small fact in support of what they allege, and meanwhile deny in the most sweeping way possible the whole silly story. And then laugh.

Poor Judge : it was not the charges that stung him, they were too untrue to hurt. It was the fact that those who had once most loudly proclaimed themselves his debtors and his friends were among the first to turn against him. He had the heart of a little child and his tenderness was only equalled by his strength. Those who turned against him could not understand the simplicity of the man. They looked for mixed and complicated motives when his motive was invariably single and direct—the good of the work. They suspected him of plans and schemes of which he was utterly innocent, for he never made a plan, teaching and living the principle that "an occultist never makes any mortal plan," but tries to do his whole duty in each moment as it arrives, leaving the results to the universal law. If they had wronged him in any way or had failed in the work, they looked for evidences of his resentment and naturally found them, though he bore no resentment and was ever willing to take others on the strength of their present work without regard to the past. He never cared what people thought of him or of his work so long as they themselves would work for brotherhood. I have heard him accused of ambition, but in both instances it was due to the fact that his life outshone the lives of his accusers, and that he had failed to glorify them at the expense of the movement. His wife has said of him that she never knew him to tell a lie, and those most closely connected with him theosophically agree that he was the most truthful man they ever knew.

If we expect fools to praise him we shall expect more than nature makes possible. Years ago I was walking with one who called himself a fast friend of Mr. Judge's and who wrote to an acquaintance not long afterwards that anyone "daring to attack W. Q. J. would raise a wall of steel between himself and us." Big words, destined to be eaten alive by their author ! As we walked and

chatted this man said to me, "Judge is the *only* occultist we've got; the only teacher left us since H. P. B. passed away." Then he paused, and at last burst out with long pent-up irritation—"but I wish to heaven he knew more Sanscrit. He does not even know Greek decently and it does *look so bad.*" When this man turned traitor years afterwards I told Mr. Judge of that conversation. His keen sense of humor took in the situation at a glance and he smiled that never-to-be-forgotten smile of his, saying, "It looks so bad, does it? Well, well, ——— always did judge by appearances and he's doing it now, sure enough. Mistaken appearances, too."

So from one cause or another a few people became his bitter enemies, though for every enemy he had a thousand friends. These few enemies gathered around themselves a few followers, people who were and are more sinned against than sinning. Their efforts to blacken his fame and destroy his work will last yet a little while longer, for Time is more just than man and removing all traces of his slanderers will leave his friends in undisturbed possession of his fair memory and life's achievements.

A few days ago the following paragraph in his own handwriting was found among his papers by Mrs. Tingley, who has given it to me for publication."

"I think the way for all western Theosophists is through H. P. B. [Mme. H. P. Blavatsky]. I mean that as she is the T. S. incarnate, its mother and guardian, its creator, the Karmic laws would naturally provide that all who drew this life through her belonged to her, and if they denied her, they need not hope to reach * * *: for how can they deny her who gave this doctrine to the western world? They share her Karma to little purpose, if they think they can get round this identification and benefit, and * * * want no better proof that a man does not comprehend their philosophy.

"This would, of course, bar him from * * * by natural laws (of growth). I do not mean that in the ordinary business sense she must forward their applications or their merits; I mean that they who do not understand the basic mutual relation, who undervalue *her* gift and *her* creation, have not imbibed the teaching and cannot assimilate its benefits.

"She must be understood as being what she is to the T. S., or Karma [the law of compensation or of cause and effect] is not understood, or the first laws of occultism. People ought to *think* of this: we are too much given to supposing that events are chances, or have no connection with ourselves: each event is an effect of the Law."

The above was especially intended for members of the Esoteric School, as will be seen, for so long as members of the Theosophical Society work for Brotherhood, their beliefs regarding other matters concern themselves alone. But I cite it here as a profound truth is contained in those few sentences, and furthermore on account of its direct application to Mr. Judge himself. Madame Blavatsky was the "mother and creator" of this movement; W. Q. Judge was its father, and without him it could not have lived. A mother takes care of her child in its infancy, but the time comes sooner or later when she resigns its charge to the father. Still later its care devolves upon some "guardian." And this is what has taken place in the theosophical movement of this century. W. Q. Judge appointed Mrs. Tingley guardian of the movement in a very real sense. Such a position is an unenviable one, for it involves untold suffering and persecution. As I have previously stated, if a specially created angel were imported from heaven for the purpose, the enemies of the movement would still ventilate at his or her expense their blind animosity. Foul tongues would wag and inventive brains would concoct "charges." But such a person will also at all times find loyal and devoted friends, ready to defend and support her in the work, and it is for each one of us to do our duty in this respect so far as we are able to see it. Human nature is dual, in the mass as in the individual, and may unfailingly be relied upon to repeat its peculiarities of yesterday or a thousand years ago in the near or distant future. Give it time and the old story will unfold itself for the edification of all beholders. Our course is simple enough: to do our whole duty, to watch over ourselves, and leave the future to take care of itself. At least that is what W. Q. Judge would have said and that is the way he lived.

* * * * * *

Meanwhile the world is travelling a different course. The air is tense with thoughts of war. Armies are on the march and wave after wave of hatred surges backward and forward between contending nations. At the time of writing a mock peace still prevails. But what a peace! One is tempted to cry, as Madame Blavatsky is said to have done—*Let it out.* This exclamation of hers was evidently based upon her own teaching, the teaching of common-sense: that an explosion now and again relieves the atmosphere and clears the air. In the case of an individual it is better for him to express his anger and have done with it than to keep the fires of revenge and hate smouldering within him. There will probably come reaction after the explosion, and he will have a chance to review his conduct and to ask himself if after all he had

not been foolish to *feel* anger in the first place. For it is the thought that does the damage, with nations and individuals. War is an effect, not a cause; it is the effect of national jealousy, vanity, ambition, all to be summed up in one word—selfishness, which is in its turn due to ignorance. Under certain conditions war may therefore be preferable to peace, if that peace be a mere cloak to a seething mass of corruption, the least effect of which is the maintenance of vast standing armies composed of the flower of a nation's life and manhood. It all points once more to the duty of the Theosophist to call attention to the causes underlying all phenomena and to the urgent necessity of teaching Brotherhood in such a way that people will come to see that selfishness is not only wrong but is self-destructive.

* * * * * *

Brotherhood! again and again we must preach it, proclaim it, prove it as a fact in nature, do our best to live it. We must be lovers of justice, defenders of the persecuted, upholders of all that is best and nearest to the divine. It is this that the people need. They care little for science or for metaphysics; they want to understand their own lives, their own thoughts, and they want encouragement for their own half-recognized aspirations. They already understand many of the laws governing their physical health; they are prepared to obey the laws of mental and spiritual health, once they are taught them. Years ago one of the greatest living Theosophists wrote that what the Western world most needed was a knowledge of the doctrines of Reincarnation and of compensation, for these teachings directly illustrate and explain brotherhood, while they show man's responsibility for his thoughts and actions as nothing else will. These teachings can be given out in a thousand different ways; they never grow stale and unprofitable, seeing that they apply to the smallest of daily duties.

Fancy and more or less imaginary details concerning the human aura, with stereopticon views at fifty cents a show; startling revelations concerning unprovable and utterly immaterial and generally incorrect facts in occultism; details as to the exact present whereabouts of prominent persons long since dead—these things will evoke the curiosity of fools and the pardonable derision of the worldly, but they will not help people to become Theosophists. Charlatanism gone crazy is a poor substitute for brotherly love and common sense and we have to see to it that the good name of Theosophy in America is maintained by our constant and untiring efforts to spread a positive knowledge of its true principles. We do not wish to mention names, though many could be given; among others

that of a person who travels from town to town, claiming to be able to read the thoughts of others, calling herself a Theosophist and announcing herself as "The White Mahatma of the Himalayas," admission fifty cents to all meetings! Beware of money-making "Theosophists," particularly when they *claim* to be able to read your thoughts.

* * * * * *

We live at a period in the world's history of intense activity which is manifest in every possible direction. In the works of philosophy, science and art this is particularly noticeable, perhaps nowhere more so than in a comparatively new field of research, the world of the "ether," new only in relation to our modern civilization. New discoveries are being made almost daily in this department of science, all of which give support to many of Madame Blavatsky's new-old teachings. An article in *McClure's Magazine* for last March should be read by every student. It is entitled "Telegraphing Without Wires," and those who apply what is there said of electricity to thought should learn a good deal as to a condition of the mind which makes of it a "receiver" to vibrations either high or low in the scale of thought. The article is full of valuable illustrations of theosophical truths from a scientific standpoint.

E. T. H.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, *March 20th.*

MESMERISM.*

THIS is the name given to an art, or the exhibition of a power to act upon others and the facility to be acted upon, which long antedates the days of Anton Mesmer. Another name for some of its phenomena is Hypnotism, and still another is Magnetism. The last title was given because sometimes the person operated on was seen to follow the hand of the operator, as if drawn like iron filings to a magnet. These are all used to-day by various operators, but by many different appellations it has been known; fascination is one, and psychologizing is another, but the number of them is so great it is useless to go over the list.

Anton Mesmer, who gave greater publicity in the Western world to the subject than any other person, and whose name is still

* *Reprinted from* Lucifer, *Vol. x, p. 197.*

attached to it, was born in 1734, and some few years before 1783, or about 1775, obtained great prominence in Europe in connection with his experiments and cures; but, as H. P. Blavatsky says in her Theosophical Glossary, he was only a rediscoverer. The whole subject had been explored long before his time—indeed many centuries anterior to the rise of civilization in Europe—and all the great fraternities of the East were always in full possession of secrets concerning its practice which remain still unknown. Mesmer came out with his discoveries as agent, in fact—though, perhaps, without disclosing those behind him—of certain brotherhoods to which he belonged. His promulgations were in the last quarter of the century, just as those of the Theosophical Society were begun in 1875, and what he did was all that could be done at that time.

But in 1639, one hundred years before Mesmer, a book was published in Europe upon the use of mesmerism in the cure of wounds, and bore the title, *The Sympathetical Powder of Edricius Mohynus of Eburo.* These cures, it was said, could be effected at a distance from the wound by reason of the *virtue* or *directive faculty* between that and the wound. This is exactly one of the phases of both hypnotism and mesmerism. And along the same line were the writings of a monk named Aldericus Balk, who said diseases could be similarly cured, in a book concerning the lamp of life in 1611. In these works, of course, there is much superstition, but they treat of mesmerism underneath all the folly.

After the French Academy committee, including Benjamin Franklin, passed sentence on the subject, condemning it in substance, mesmerism fell into disrepute, but was revived in America by many persons who adopted different names for their work and wrote books on it. One of them named Dodds obtained a good deal of celebrity, and was invited during the life of Daniel Webster to lecture on it before a number of United States senators. He called his system "psychology," but it was mesmerism exactly, even to details regarding nerves and the like. And in England also a good deal of attention was given to it by numbers of people who were not of scientific repute. They gave it no better reputation than it had before, and the press and public generally looked on them as charlatans and upon mesmerism as a delusion. Such was the state of things until the researches into what is now known as hypnotism brought that phase of the subject once more forward, and subsequently to 1875 the popular mind gave more and more attention to the possibilities in the fields of clairvoyance, clairaudience, trance, apparitions, and the like. Even physicians and others, who previously scouted all such investigations, began to

take them up for consideration, and are still engaged thereon. And it seems quite certain that, by whatever name designated, mesmerism is sure to have more and more attention paid to it. For it is impossible to proceed very far with hypnotic experiments without meeting mesmeric phenomena, and being compelled, as it were, to proceed with an enquiry into those as well.

The hypnotists unjustifiably claim the merit of discoveries, for even the uneducated so-called charlatans of the above-mentioned periods cited the very fact appropriated by hypnotists, that many persons were normally—for them—in a hypnotized state, or, as they called it, in a psychologized condition, or negative one, and so forth, according to the particular system employed.

In France, Baron Du Potet astonished every one with his feats in mesmerism, bringing about as great changes in subjects as the hypnotizers do now. After a time and after reading old books, he adopted a number of queer symbols that he said had the most extraordinary effect on the subject, and refused to give these out to any except pledged persons. This rule was violated, and his instructions and figures were printed not many years ago for sale with a pretense of secresy consisting in a lock to the book. I have read these and find they are of no moment at all, having their force simply from the will of the person who uses them. The Baron was a man of very strong natural mesmeric force, and made his subjects do things that few others could bring about. He died without causing the scientific world to pay much attention to the matter.

The great question mooted is whether there is or there is not any actual fluid thrown off by the mesmerizer. Many deny it, and nearly all hypnotizers refuse to admit it. H. P. Blavatsky declares there is such a fluid, and those who can see into the plane to which it belongs assert its existence as a subtle form of matter. This is, I think, true, and is not at all inconsistent with the experiments in hypnotism, for the fluid can have its own existence at the same time that people may be self-hypnotized by merely inverting their eyes while looking at some bright object. This fluid is composed in part of the astral substance around everyone, and in part of the physical atoms in a finely divided state. By some this astral substance is called *aura*. But that word is indefinite, as there are many sorts of aura and many degrees of its expression. These will not be known, even to Theosophists of the most willing mind, until the race as a whole, has developed up to that point. So the word will remain in use at the present.

This aura, then, is thrown off by the mesmerizer upon his subject, and is received by the latter in a department of his inner con-

stitution, never described by any Western experimenters, because they know nothing of it. It wakes up certain inner and non-physical divisions of the person operated on, causing a change of relation between the various and numerous sheaths surrounding the inner man, and making possible different degrees of intelligence and of clairvoyance and the like. It has no influence whatsoever on the Higher Self, which it is impossible to reach by such means. Many persons are deluded into supposing that the Higher Self is the responder, or that some spirit or what not is present, but it is only one of the many inner persons, so to say, who is talking or rather causing the organs of speech to do their office. And it is just here that the Theosophist and the non-Theosophist are at fault, since the words spoken are sometimes far above the ordinary intelligence or power of the subject in a waking state. I therefore propose to give in the rough the theory of what actually does take place, as has been known for ages to those who see with the inner eye, and as will one day be discovered and admitted by science.

When the hypnotic or mesmerized state is complete—and often when it is partial—there is an immediate paralyzing of the power of the body to throw its impressions, and thus modify the conceptions of the inner being. In ordinary waking life every one, without being able to disentangle himself, is subject to the impressions from the whole organism; that is to say, every cell in the body, to the most minute, has its own series of impressions and recollections, all of which continue to impinge on the great register, the brain, until the impression remaining in the cell is fully exhausted. And that exhaustion takes a long time. Further, as we are adding continually to them, the period of disappearance of impression is indefinitely postponed. Thus the inner person is not able to make itself felt. But, in the right subject, those bodily impressions are by mesmerism neutralized for the time, and at once another effect follows, which is equivalent to cutting the general off from his army and compelling him to seek other means of expression.

The brain—in cases where the subject talks—is left free sufficiently to permit it to obey the commands of the mesmerizer and compel the organs of speech to respond. So much in general.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

(*To be continued.*)

When in doubt as to duty you choose renunciation and self-sacrifice, you may be sure you are not far wrong.—*Cavé.*

THE ANCIENT WISDOM OF THE MAORIS.

IN his reports of the World's parliament of religions at Chicago, Mr. Stead has a fine portrait of Tawhiao the late Maori King, but describes him as an "idol worshipper." Never was man more misunderstood than my sacred old friend Tawhiao, that he should be described as an "idol worshipper." He and his father, the great Potatau Te Wherowhero, before him were born mystics well versed in all the wisdom of the *Wharekura*—the school of initiation to the inner Mysteries. And his son the present King Mahuta Tawhiao, just emerging from "silence" possesses the wisdom of his illustrious ancestors. He looks with indifference, perhaps, with contempt on the slanderers of his father, and no doubt attributes their attitude to ignorance and the baneful influence of the missionary.

According to the Maori legends the ancestors of their race came to New Zealand in seven canoes, between five hundred and one thousand years ago from a mystic land called Hawaiki, which scientists and western scholars try to fit in with Hawaii, one of the Sandwich Islands; but the *Tohunga* or Priest-Initiate, if you can get him to speak, will tell you that it is not so, but that Hawaiki was a large country swallowed up by the ocean long ago. The hidden meaning of references in many of their poems will show this to be the case.

When the Maoris came to these islands it was by direction of Kupe, the immortal, an all powerful *Tohunga*, who saw disaster approaching his race and wished to save all of it that he could. Kupe was a prophet, perhaps an adept; it is clear that he had the power of *Matakite*—clairvoyance—and could see both the past and the future. He also had the power of *Moemoea*—seeing visions—and could interpret them. He was a *Tohunga Matau*, or adept of the right hand path, as I hope to be able to show.

The Maoris in those days were guided in all they did by their *Tohungas*, who directed the welfare of the people and by powerful *Karakias*—incantations—warded off evil and influenced them for good. *Tohungas* were of two kinds, and the *Tohunga Makutu*, or black magician, by his spells and incantations could strike men dead from a distance. *Makutu*—witchcraft—is still dreaded by the Maoris. It is however of the *Tohunga Matau* and his ancient wisdom that we will first treat. This ancient wisdom is all but extinct, not more than perhaps some half dozen persons really know or retain the ancient lore and they, as born mystics, know well how to keep it concealed from the profane.

With the advent of the Missionary the *Tohungas* declined and retired into obscurity. They lost their power owing to the new teachers' declaring that their old religion was very dreadful and wicked, and that the new gospel was the only way to salvation. The Maoris to use their own expression, became *nui atu to matou raruraru*, *i. e.*, very much confused or perplexed. They lost heart when they saw that the missionary taught one thing and practiced another. And when they found they were losing their lands and contracting intemperance and other European vices, they became downcast and dejected and have passed through many sad experiences during the last fifty years.

The sacred flame of their ancestral wisdom, however, still flickers, carefully guarded by a small handful of trusty *Tohungas* who wait for the dawn of the coming day when they may rekindle the ancient fires for the upliftment of their fallen race. In the hearts of many of the most intelligent of the race is the desire to remember and restore their forgotten religion, though they fear the ridicule of the European; but if you speak to them in confidence of the wisdom of their ancestors you will note the beam of true gratitude which steals over their countenances in spite of the power they have of hiding their true feelings. This shows that the dawn of a new day is fast approaching; indeed, judging from the interest the average Maori is taking in Theosophy, which he claims as his own ancient birthright, that dawn is now at hand. The justice of the claim is what I propose to show.

If he take his most sacred *Whakapapa* or genealogical tree, known only to the Maori mystic, we find that he begins his ancestry with *Aha*—That or What—or, in other words, the "Absolute" of the *Secret Doctrine*. From this first emanated *Ihu* or the coming forth, the first manifestation, and so on through various mystic generations signifying dawns, days, twilights, nights,—the lesser Cycles,—till we come to *Rangi-Raua-Ko-Papa*, literally, Heaven and Earth, but mystically, the separation of the race into sexes. Wini Kerei Te Whetuiti stated that this was the real hidden meaning and that before the separation of *Rangi* and *Papa* the race was bisexual or rather hermaphrodite. In their sacred *Waiatas*, songs or laments, we have the story of the creation and of the building of the Kosmos told much as it is in the *Secret Doctrine*. The legend of *Whaitiri*, the lightning, conceals with a thin veil the mysteries of the sacred land at the north pole.

The seven principles of man are known to all despite the confusion which the missionary caused when he called the soul, *Wairua*, though *Wairua* is only a phantom shadow or ghost, *i. e.*, the astral

body. The correct terms for the seven principles as known to the Maoris are 1. *Atua*, pure spirit; 2. *Hine Ngaro*, the higher soul—literally, the hidden, or lost, or concealed woman; 3. *Manawa ora*, the upper, and *Manawa*, the lower, manas. The above three are immortal. 4. *Hiahia*, desire; 5. *Oranga*, vitality; 6. *Wairua*, the ghost or phantom body, the astral body; 7. *Tinana*, the gross physical body.

With the Maoris the lower four principles are perishable, the second and third are the immortal man and *Atua* is the God or All-Father overshadowing and permeating them all. When a man dies, at first only his *Tinana* or body decays, the other principles slowly depart to the *Te Reinga*, the under world, or temporary abode of Spirits. If the departed can resist the desire for food on his arrival at *Te Reinga* he can return and reoccupy his body or enter a fresh body if there is one available; but if he touches food then death is complete and he remains there until the *Wairua*, or astral, perishes and *Hiahia* and *Oranga* are set free and disperse into the elements. Then the immortal part is free and goes to rest till the time for re-birth arrives and he is born on earth again.

Under the head of *Tangis*, or weeping for the dead, I shall deal with the reason why the Maoris do not bury their dead for many days after death and the reason of their wailing and lamenting as far as can be given out though the whole truth could only be given to E. S. T. members under the pledge of secrecy. To the profane European the incantations and laments are meaningless but to those who know anything of the science of vibration and sound they open up a deep field for investigation. These matters are taught only in the Maori *Wharekura*, or Masonic School, and it is difficult to learn much of them except from their poems and allegories.

A *Tohunga* will not explain any mystic saying, but if one stumbles on the meaning and asks him if that is right he will tell you, and it is in giving him my ideas as a Theosophist of his symbols and mystic poems that I have gained the information which is now committed to paper. The missionary and the orthodox may dispute some of my renderings of meanings of words such as *Wairua*, or Astral, and say it means the soul but on the authority of several *Tohungas* I can say that I am right and that the missionary was purposely misled in his translation of the Bible. Reincarnation was universally accepted before the advent of the missionary and has a firm hold on the Maori of to-day as will be shown by ancient and modern *Waiatas*. Karma is also one of their doctrines as it was of the ancient *Tohungas*, the Maori equivalent being *Te Putake me te whakaotinga*, literally, the cause and the effect. There are

many instances where chiefs living to-day claim to be reincarnations of ancestors who have had to come back and be reborn to expiate a wrong done in a past life, but they rarely speak of such things, especially to Europeans as they fear the ridicule of the profane, and to the Maori such things are very *Tapu*, sacred. I hope to show in future papers that the world may yet learn much from the ancient wisdom of the *Tohungas* and that the ancient *Tohunga Matau*, if not an adept, was at least an advanced chela, incarnated to help save his race.

JOHN ST. CLAIR.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

IN view of the fact that death brings upon man the one insurmountable misery of life, that the fear of death, and the loneliness and loss death brings, overshadow him during every moment of life, that no man can hope to escape himself or to hold back from that dread abyss either his nearest or his dearest, this subject would seem to be one of most vital interest to every one.

That there *is* an existence after death; that man has a soul and that this soul is immortal, is said to be a general belief in Christian countries; but how superficial a hold such belief has upon the mass of men is clearly demonstrated by their daily life and by their attitude of mind when death approaches either to themselves or friends. The Bishop, when the Captain shouts "The ship must sink, ten seconds more will send our souls to Heaven," cries fervently, "God forbid." And this is but a fair example of the sustaining power which lies in what is called, "belief in future life," and "taking refuge in the Father's heavenly mansions from earthly sorrows." We have needed sorely a belief more deeply rooted in our being—more richly nourished, have needed some more definite picture of the country on the other side—some better assurance of the survival and well-being of those dearer than ourselves who have passed before us into the seeming void and darkness.

For centuries past, in our western world at least, the thought of death as the end of everything desirable, the final limit of all hope, all happiness, possession, high endeavor and achievement—even of Love itself,—has lain like a black pall upon our hearts and shut out all the sun. And as though even this were not enough, the customs of the people in their pageantry of woe—the hearse

decked with its sable plumes—the winding funeral train—the yawning grave—the hollow sound of earth falling upon the dead—the weeping—the mourning—the despair—the dread and sombre garments that make show of these—all these have added weight to the depression and confirmed the feeling of death's horror until a fluttering scrap of crape wounds one like a poisoned knife, with all the dread associations it brings up. A man may meet all other sorts and kinds of evil and misfortune—loss and disgrace, hunger, and thirst and cold, and bear them cheerfully or rise above them on the wings of Hope, and still endure, but when death seizes upon one who is life of his life, heart of his inmost heart, the end of things has come for him. He can endure no longer, lacking some certain clue to

> "The secrets of the silence, whence all come,
> The secrets of the gloom, whereto all go ;
> The life which lies between, like that arch flung,
> From cloud to cloud across the sky, which hath
> Mists for its masonry and vapory piers,
> Melting to void again, which was *so* fair."

As with the man, so with humanity; this western world had reached a point where it could endure no longer without more light, more knowledge, that it might firmly rest upon, more hope and better grounded. And, since the foundations of all things are laid in justice, the new light came. Theosophy again began to teach of Reincarnation, of Devachan, Nirvana and the other states into which the Soul may pass when freed from the gross garments it has outworn. Emerson asserts that "The secret of heaven is kept from age to age," that "no imprudent, no sociable Angel ever dropped an early syllable to answer the longing of saints, the fears of mortals," that "we should have listened on our knees to any favorite who by stricter obedience had brought his thoughts into parallelism with the celestial currents and could hint to human ears the scenery and circumstance of the newly parted soul." Even Emerson, it seems, must sometimes err, for the truth is there are some, who can and *do* tell the "circumstances of the parting soul," and the unhappy, faithless world laughs, when it does not sneer, and very, *very* few "listen upon their knees."

Unfortunately I cannot speak myself from any knowledge of these things and so can only give my idea of what the wise ones teach and a few stray thoughts about it.

There seems to be a very plain analogy between sleep, which men look on as a heavenly benediction, and death which they fear so greatly, and we cannot fail to get some idea of the states that

follow upon death from careful study of the states that follow upon sleep, since the one plan, infinitely repeated and expanded seems to suffice for all development.

A man rises in the morning refreshed from sleep to begin a new day's work. He has a certain amount of force to expend and he accomplishes much or little just in proportion to the concentration of that force upon a fixed end or aim. He may exhaust this force with care and slowly, or lavishly and fast but in either case when it is exhausted the man must sleep. Now what sleeps? The body may lie quiet but the natural processes go on, the little lives that *are* the body, keep at their work—the heart pumps, the lungs blow. What makes the difference between sleep and waking? It is that the inner man, the real man in sleep withdraws himself from contact with the physical plane, just as a man tired with the noise and jarring in a workroom retires for peace and rest into an upper chamber. Generally the man withdraws slowly by easy steps,—at first he is so near, a movement or the lightest call will bring him back. On the first step all sorts of scenes and forms and pictures, inconsequent, ridiculous, changing incessantly, present themselves before him and his brain takes note. He sees monsters and falls from heights, has difficulty with his clothes, still suffers from the infesting cares of day grown to grotesqueness. He withdraws more and the dreams change, grow more distinct, more consequent. He feels less and less the oppression of bodily affairs—his Soul begins to float into a region beyond pain and care. The man has passed into deep sleep and for a time is free,—free within certain limits only, for a shining thread still holds him to his body.

What are the visions that he then beholds—the bliss that permeates his being,—that refreshes—that *renews* him?

He has no definite remembrance of all this when he returns to waking life, because he has to wander back through the chaotic and distracting scenes presented by the changing planes of being he passed through on his way up. And so by the time he has again taken possession of his body nothing remains to him but a vague sense of peace and elevation, and even this wears away as he becomes engrossed in the affairs of waking life.

Day after day this process is repeated until a day comes when the body is exhausted utterly, worn out, useless. The real man withdraws again slowly, gradually, but this time completely. He breaks the shining thread at last, so that no power can bring him back into that body. Then we say the man is dead. This is a mere figure of speech or rather an entire misconception. The man is neither dead nor sleeping nor *away*. He has put off the cramp-

ing limitations of the body and has entered into a fuller, freer life. He does not reach the Devachanic state at once because he has to pass through all those planes or states he nightly passed in sleep or at least planes which correspond to these, called in the books the *Kamalokic* planes.

The swiftness of his passing through these planes depends upon the man himself, for he must rid himself, upon the way, of personal desires and selfish passions before he can pass on to higher, purer states. One can imagine, in some little measure what life would be, had we no body to take care of, and to suffer for and through, no desires in relation to a body to gratify or to hold in check, no earthly cares or fears, or doubts or pains, but were free utterly to revel in the ideal which has become more real to us than anything we know at present. To be at will with all the friends we love, and see them not the poor earth-worn, imperfect, sorrowing beings we know here, but the same selves purified, radiant, blissful, glorified as in our highest idealization we can picture them, —the world about them bathed in beauty, penetrated through with harmony and sweetness and heavenly peace. This is to imagine in a faint and shadowy way the Devachanic state.

Now it may easily be seen that this state must differ for each man. No two heavens can be the same, since no two men are just the same. Of the same essence, they are differently compounded, each has his own path in evolution, each his ideals which he strives to realize in his own way. The Devachan he reaches is his own and changes according to the degree of his progression toward perfection. One must believe that if a man identifies himself with all the outward life of sense and physical enjoyment, has few thoughts or ideals above this plane, his Devachan must differ greatly from the Devachan of one who strives in pain and a divine despair to realize in earthly terms lofty ideals that elude his grasp.

Devachan seems a state of assimilation, a state where all the experiences, the sorrows, the so-called day-dreams of earth life are transmuted into a sort of quintessence or elixir that builds up and strengthens, if not the soul itself, at least the soul's power to express itself which it is ever seeking. If this be so the stay in Devachan must be regulated by the amount of soul food carried from the prior life. When there is nothing left for assimilation, when the Soul finds nothing more to build its ideations on, then it returns to earth and is reclothed with a body.

And so the time of stay in Devachan must vary according to the man himself. This is a general rule, but it is said there are exceptions, that there are men, highly evolved comparatively speaking,

who under the rule would naturally remain for ages in the Devachanic state but who refuse to enter it from love and sorrow for their fellow men on earth, and a desire to help and labor for them.

Just as a mother watching by the bedside of an ailing child, though wearied, will not sleep until the crisis passes and the child is safe; so these men refuse the bliss of Devachan and either are at once reborn in a physical body or remain in touch with earth life in a more etherial form.

There is another class of men, not quite evolved so far, but of such purity and goodness as would entitle them to Devachanic ages but who do not wish to enter it. They desire immensely to help on the work and labor for the race, but they have not yet gained the power. Such, it is said, are sometimes aided by other and much greater souls, to break from the Devachanic bliss and come again to help mankind. Such aid is regulated by the Karmic law. If we could only put away, just for a moment, the mental blindness that afflicts us, we should see ourselves surrounded by an ocean of compassion in which we truly live and move and have our being.

As we return from Devachan our memory of that state fades or is mingled with impressions from other planes, so that when we find ourselves reborn on earth there is generally little left in our conscious memory but a vague feeling of having lost our hold on something infinitely precious and to be desired—even this little fades more and more as we grow older and take on more heavily the cares and burdens of earth life again. Emerson says we have a cup of lethe given us to drink at birth, but it seems that we must do it all ourselves, because we might put off the wraps and veils and swaddling clothes, incident to our infancy of mind and gather will and strength to make this round of sleeping, waking, birth, death and Devachan consciously without a break. Children remember much more than we think. A child once said to me, "I think that when we die, we just wake up and find the wrong things here are only a bad dream." He spoke as though from personal experience, and his word had the more weight that he had come from Devachan so recently himself.

Just as the Cycle of Life and Death culminating in Devachan, is greater than the one rounded out with sleep, so the still greater cycle made up of many lives and deaths culminates in the state we call Nirvana. This has been called the "Centre of Celestial Rest."

How shall our thought rise to such conception? How shall words be found fitting to express even what we are able to conceive? And yet at times we *know*, for it is knowledge, that in each one of us is that Nirvanic centre and that it can be reached.

What is it? None can tell. How reach it? One must find his way himself!

From life to life, from Devachan to Devachan, the real man goes on, gaining in power and strength, ever perfecting, breaking through illusions, mind-made, that confine him within certain limits, until his greater evolutionary cycle ends and he has reached the threshold of Nirvana. This state must bear a certain correspondence to the Devachanic one, but while in this the man identifies himself with the Ego of the past life *only* thus limiting his range of consciousness, the man fitted for Nirvana has freed himself from limitations and illusions. His consciousness has expanded into the Universal Consciousness.

If we cannot picture this state to ourselves in any way or get a hold upon the idea so that it has a meaning for us, we can safely leave it to the future while we grow daily nearer to it, resting with confidence meanwhile upon the certainty that, whatever it may mean, in the Soul's expanding consciousness there must be constant gain not loss.

Always "the greater must include the less." That which we truly love we shall possess in greater and still greater fulness as the Cycles roll—whether it be Love, Beauty, Harmony, or Truth itself, which is all these and more. When we have outgrown these delusions about death and parting,—have learned "to grieve neither for the living nor the dead," we shall have courage to begin our work in earnest. Loving humanity and working for it as we can, a time will come when the walls that, in our unthinking ignorance, appear to separate one man from another, will fall apart, will melt away like sea-born mists.

Our Spiritual perceptions will unfold, we shall begin to hear the echoing Symphony of the World-Soul and to know our part in it.

"The String o'erstretched breaks and Music flies.
The String o'erslack is dumb and Music dies."

But when we have found our true key-note, neither high nor low, and have put ourselves in tune, so that our whole being vibrates in full accord with the Celestial harmonies, then we shall understand all the states after death and,

"Shall pass,
Unto Nirvana where the Silence lives."

VESPERA FREEMAN.

The way gets clearer as we go on, but as we get clearer we get less anxious as to the way ahead.—*W. Q. J.*

THE SEARCH FOR WISDOM.

I.—BY DOING SERVICE.

IN the fourth chapter of the *Gita* after saying that every action without exception is comprehended in spiritual knowledge, Krishna tells Arjuna how to gain this spiritual wisdom. "Seek this wisdom," he says, "by doing service, by strong search, by questions, and by humility; the wise who see the truth will communicate it unto thee, and knowing this, thou shalt never again fall into error."

We all read this many times, but it will bear more pondering than in the rush of our hasty lives we are apt to bestow upon it. "The way to the blessed life," to use Fichte's phrase, is here most clearly and perfectly set forth, and the steps are fourfold, like the steps of the Self. The first step is that one which is of all the most important, and it is therefore given precedence in the list, for this is not a matter of time and space, but of individual consciousness, and individual necessities. All the steps are necessary to perfect acquirement of the spiritual wisdom, and to some the second lesson may seem to be more easily learned, while others find the last one the least difficult, but to all mankind the first step is most necessary. "By doing service."

Jesus said that by doing the will of the Father, we should know of the doctrine, that is, we should gain a knowledge of the teachings that were given to the disciples, not to the world at large. But there is one thing to be remembered always; that this service is to be rendered in little things, to those nearest us, in all the ordinary duties and ways of life. "Despise not the day of small things," and do not feel that doing service means rushing into the slums of a city, to the neglect of home duties, or girding one's loins for battle with some distant foe, when the real enemy lurks within. It is so hard to realize that a kind word, a loving glance, may mean the happiness of a whole day to some neglected member of our household, and that the gleam of sunshine that has brightened that life will radiate into other hearts, carrying its blessing with it.

People so often ask: "What can *I* do for Theosophy? I have no talent for speaking or writing, no money to give, no influence to exert; what is there for me to do?" Is there no one that crosses your path for whom you can do little deeds of kindness now and then? An errand done, a book lent, a flower given, a visit paid, a loving word spoken, will often weigh more in the eternal balances

than many of what the world calls "heroic deeds." If you are so utterly alone that you have no opportunities for such service (which is hard to believe), then make of your own heart such a source of loving kindness, that your atmosphere will be filled with a sweet and gracious sunshine of good will, in which all who meet you may bask and give thanks. It is impossible, if we have a strong will to do service, that we should not find many opportunities to express it, and they will grow with the exercise of our desire.

Nor should we fail to remember that it is thus we are to *begin* to acquire wisdom. Earnest souls, attracted by the light that suddenly gleams across their path, try to begin at once to grapple with the most difficult problems of philosophy and occult knowledge, and want to know all about the loss of the soul, or the formation of the *mayavi-rupa*, or the characteristics of the Seventh Race, before they have thoroughly mastered the A. B. C. of the matter. "Do the will of the Father, and ye *shall* know of the doctrine," but do not expect to begin at the top of the ladder. Many a would-be nurse, filled with a glorious enthusiasm for the service of suffering humanity, enters the hospital with the idea of rendering distinguished assistance to the doctors from the very first, and sometimes utterly disgusted, when she finds that for weeks, and perhaps months, she has nothing nobler to do than the scouring of pots and pans, and the washing of floors and clothing.

"By doing service," not necessarily the service we delight in, but often quite the reverse; so that we shrink from the wearisome, the trivial task, and long to do something more worthy of our powers, or what *we think* our powers. For often it is by our own opinion of ourselves that we measure the work we think we are capable of doing, instead of realizing that when we are fit for a greater place, those who know will surely put us there. In the meantime, let us stand in our lot, and do what we can to make it beautiful, and a centre of love and joy for all who come in contact with us. Let us try to be like Lowell's ideal, who

> "doeth little kindnesses
> That most leave undone or despise;
> For naught that sets one heart at peace,
> Or giveth happiness or ease,
> Is low-esteemèd in her eyes."

II.—BY STRONG SEARCH.

The second thing necessary to the gaining of spiritual wisdom is *strong search*. This search may be pursued, of course, on both the intellectual and spiritual planes, for man must be made perfect in

both ways. Let us take the intellectual first. Certainly strong search on the mental plane does not mean the cursory reading of a few books, or a little scattered and interrupted thought, but an earnest and steadfast pursuit of our aim through months and years, and perhaps, many lives, made up of months and years. Sometimes a student says, "I wish I could find out something definite about the *Elements* (let us say), but their order is so confusing, and I cannot understand the *Secret Doctrine*."

One is tempted to ask, "Did you ever really try?" There are eighty places, at least, in the *Secret Doctrine*, where the word *element* occurs, besides all the separate references to *Fire*, *Air*, *Water*, etc. Take up the book and turn it over leaf by leaf, keeping a note-book by you, and whenever you see the word *Element*, make a careful note of volume and page. Then take each of the five elements in turn, and do the same for them. When you have gone through both volumes carefully in that way, turn back to the beginning of the first, and copy out in your note-book every item of information you have found. Then read them over very carefully, and where you think you have found conflicting statements, read the context again, and see if you cannot find, or think out, an explanation of the seeming contradiction. Carry the dark saying about with you in your memory, think of it at intervals during both night and day, and some time or other the solution will surely flash upon you.

When you have collected all these notes, then write a paper on the subject, not necessarily to be read or published, but simply to see how much you can tell another person about what you have learned. For we do not really understand a thing until we can explain it to some one else; and that is why we learn so much by teaching; we are obliged to clarify and formulate our ideas in order to communicate them to others.

Lord Dufferin, who has just retired from active diplomatic service at the age of seventy, has always been known as a remarkably ready and brilliant speaker, perhaps the most admired orator among the English diplomatists. He gained this power by "strong search." When the necessity for his speaking first arose, he would write out his ideas on the subject given him, and having finished his paper, tear it up without re-reading it, and write another. And this process he repeated ten and twelve times for each speech, so that he not only became thoroughly familiar with his subject, but was saved all danger of hesitation and waiting for a word, because he had formulated his ideas in so many ways that he was sure to remember some one of them. And by dint of this most laborious and

tiresome method, Lord Dufferin became the easy, fluent, and brilliant speaker that every one loved to hear.

This is only one example of many that might be cited but it is a recent and a very striking one. For here there was not even some great scientific discovery involved, with its intense interest and possible enormous profit to the discoverer and to the world at large, but the simple acquirement of an individual accomplishment for social purposes. But Lord Dufferin carried out Robert Browning's idea when he said :

> "Let a man contend to the uttermost
> For his life's set prize, be it what it will."

Let the search be *strong*, whatever we may be seeking, and then we shall at least not add weakness and vacillation to our other sins.

"The kingdom of heaven is taken by violence," we are told, which is but another way of saying that spiritual wisdom is gained by strong search. But how few of us realize what this means! "The kingdom of heaven is within you," and this strong search is to be pursued upon the inner planes, *spiritual* as well as intellectual.

We must learn to analyze our own nature, to explore its depths and pluck out its hidden sins, to fix the will steadily upon some point that *must* be gained, to concentrate every energy towards that end, to keep up a slow, gradual, never-relaxing push of every faculty in the one direction, day after day and year after year, to strive after the goal by study, by meditation, by aspiration, by the purification of every part of our threefold nature. And this goal is ever shifted as the runner approaches it, and still before him gleam the gates of gold, and still his eager feet press on.

And surely this consciousness of endless aspiration and attainment was the thought in in Walt Whitman's mind when he wrote those magnificent lines :

> "This day before dawn I ascended a hill and looked at the crowded heaven,
> And I said to my Spirit, '*When we become the enfolders of those orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in them, shall we be filled and satisfied then?*'
> And my Spirit said : '*No, we but level that lift to pass and continue beyond.*'"

KATHARINE HILLARD.

(*To be continued.*)

There is service objective and its counterpart within, which being stronger will at last rightly manifest without.—*W. Q. J.*

IN A TEMPLE.

THIS is a vision that came to one, watching, and that others may be aided by it as he was, it is recorded here.

He knelt in the Holy of Holies of a Temple, where there were flowers and perfumes and beautiful objects, strains of distant music, harmonious, divine, and tinted lights from jeweled windows. Dim and shaded was the place, making all mysterious and more delicious still.

A long, long while he knelt there, in an ecstasy of adoration, his soul filled with the wonder and joy of it. But lo! he looked up, and all this had vanished. It was cold and empty and full of grey light, and the pain of the revelation was overwhelming. He fought and struggled but in vain, and after a while, seeing it was useless, he got up and went out.

On the Temple steps he met an old friend, smiling kindly and affectionately, and saying, "You have been a long while, I have been waiting." The friend did not see his tears, nor notice how bowed he was with suffering. "Come," he said, "we will go together."

So they went away together, but always on his heart lay the pain with crushing weight, and day by day he went back to the desolate Temple to pray and try to understand.

Once, as he knelt there in the cold and barrenness, he heard a Voice; and after that each time the Voice grew stronger and sweeter, always soothing and comforting, and gradually filling him with all the old joy, only fuller, deeper, more intense.

One day he said, "It is only a Voice, it has no form." And the answer came. "Surely, how could there be form here?" Then he said, "I used to think there was form." "That was your fancy and ignorance," was the reply.

Then he cried out "Is there always to be pain!" and the answer came softly, softly, "Yea, until the lesson is learned."

He wept bitterly but through his tears came a great strength, and by and by he understood. CAVÉ.

RICHARD WAGNER'S MUSIC DRAMAS.

VI.—THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG.—PART II. THE VALKYRIE.

My *Nibelungen-poem* . . . shows Nature in her naked truth, with all her innate opposites, whose infinitely varied meetings include the shock of mutual repulsion. . . . The whole course of the poem shows the necessity of recognizing the change, the diversity, the multiplicity, the eternal newness of reality and life, and yielding place to it. Wotan soars to the tragic height of *willing* his own undoing. This is the whole lesson we have to learn from the history of mankind: to *will the inevitable*, and ourselves fulfil it. The creative work of this highest, self-annihilating Will is the final winning of the *fearless*, forever loving man: *Siegfried.—Letter to August Roeckel, 1854.*

SINCE the building of Valhalla Wotan has created, in conjunction with Erda, nine daughters, called Valkyries (*lit.* Choosers of the Slain) virgin war-maidens, whose duty it is to bring the souls of slain heroes to Valhalla and see to their rest and refreshment until they are again ready to enter into flesh and fight another battle in the earthworld. They represent the higher and more spiritual part of the soul which periodically withdraws the lower part from its struggles in material life. And, in connection with what was said about Devachanic rest in the last article, it is worth noting here that the Valkyries also have the power immediately to rejuvenate the slain hero so that he can reincarnate at once without any intervening rest in Valhalla.

Wotan now takes earthly form as Wälse, and, working towards the creation of the New Power, he produces in the earthworld the twin Volsungs, Siegmund and Sieglinde.* Sad is their lot, for the Curse of Alberich's Ring lies heavily upon them. Strong are they in their love, and heroic in adversity. Soon they suffer at the hands of those enemies who do Alberich's will. While Siegmund is away with his father their home is sacked, mother slain, and Sieglinde carried off and married by force to the rough warrior Hunding. For the Will in its earliest efforts to embody an unselfish principle finds itself hampered by the consequences of its own previous deeds. The forest dwelling in which the gentler and more spiritual aspect of the soul now lies captive in these coarse material bonds is built round the trunk of a tree, the type of the World's Ash, Yggdrasil, which, springing from the depths of the Underworld, stretches forth its

* These twins are represented in the saga as *one being* in two aspects, and of course are here to be regarded in the same light. Most of the Northern deities have this two-fold aspect representing Nature's "innate opposites."

In this and the two succeeding articles I have received valuable help from Brother Gordon Rowe, of the Bow Lodge, T.S.E (E).

branches into the Heavenworld. Buried in the trunk is the Sword which Wotan has left for the need of his son.

In the opening scene of this drama Siegmund, after many wanderings and fights with his enemies, seeks shelter in Hunding's dwelling exhausted and weaponless, and Sieglinde tends him. Both are unconscious of their kinship, for each believes the other dead; yet they feel a powerful attraction expressed by music of a beauty and purity quite indescribable in mere words. Hunding, presently returning, notes the likeness between them, and especially the "glittering serpent" in the eyes of each. For from these twins will spring the Hero who shall slay the serpent or dragon; and there is an ancient legend that the parents of the great Dragon-Slayers (Initiates) have the likeness of a dragon in or around their eyes.

Discovering from Siegmund's story that he is an enemy, Hunding tells him that for one night the Guest-Rite protects him but on the morrow they will fight. Before retiring Sieglinde tries in vain by signs to show Siegmund the sword in the tree, while in the orchestra the sword-motif is heard for the first time since the conclusion of the *Rhinegold*. The Intuition is trying to bring to the warrior-soul a knowledge of his hidden power, and at the same time is subduing the lower force. For presently she returns, saying:

> "In deepest sleep lies Hunding:
> I mingled a drug with his drink.
> To a goodly weapon I'll guide thee.
> Ah! if thou couldst but win it!
> As greatest of heroes I then might hail thee."

Then she tells him how at the wedding feast a one-eyed stranger* entered and smote it into the tree from which none could draw it. Now she knows that Siegmund is her brother and the one for whom the sword was left. With the exultant cry:

> "Nothung! Nothung! name I this sword,"

he wrenches it from the tree and they fly together.

But now Wotan has to deal with his wife Fricka, who represents that adhesion to form and the "established order" which hinders all progress. She it is who seeks to retain Wotan within the selfish walls of Valhalla, and now she demands reparation for the violation of the marriage vow by the Volsungs. Hunding is in pursuit and must be allowed to slay Siegmund in spite of the magic sword. Wotan's position is here terribly dramatic. Despite his endeavors

* This, of course, is Wotan, who "gave an eye as his eternal toll" when he drank of the spring of knowledge which welled up under the shadow of Yggdrasil. This eye is regained by Siegfried in the next drama when he slays Fafnir.

to serve alike the Gods and the new race he is creating he is thwarted at every turn by the Curse laid upon the Ring by Alberich when Wotan-Loki wrenched it from him.

> "From the Curse I fled,
> But even now the Curse is with me.
> What I love I must forsake,
> Murder what is dear to me,
> Betray him who trusts me."

It seems as if karma will blot out all hope of redemption. He recalls the warning of Erda: "When Love's dark enemy in anger begetteth a son the end of the gods draws nigh!" This enemy is Alberich, who forswore Love to gain Power, and his evil son is Hagen who executes the final act of the Curse when, in the *Dusk of the Gods*, he stabs Siegfried treacherously in the back.

In a scene of tragic sorrow he tells his favorite Valkyrie, Brynhild, that she must withdraw her protection from Siegmund and allow him to be slain. But behind the expressed *will* which past deeds have shaped she sees with her mother Erda's divine insight the inner *wish* of her father, that from the love and sorrow of the Volsungs may arise the fearless hero who shall unite with her in working out the Curse. So her reply is:

> "Thy words can never turn me against the hero
> Whom thou hast ever taught me to love."

Exhausted with flight the twins stop to rest in the forest and Sieglinde sinks to sleep tenderly guarded by Siegmund. To him appears Brynhild, her heart heavy with the news she brings him; for only to those destined for Valhalla does she appear. But Siegmund declares he cares nought for the bliss of Valhalla if Sieglinde goes not with him. If he must fall then Nothung shall take both their lives rather than they shall be parted any more. Then Brynhild promises to give him the victory, and he goes forth to meet Hunding.

The combat is the first dreadful conflict between the powers of growth and stagnation; and Brynhild, who, as the Spirit of Love, is on the side of the progressive forces, hovers protectingly over the Volsung. But Wotan, compelled by his oath to Fricka, interferes; on his spear the magic sword is shattered and Siegmund falls. When Wotan drank at the spring of knowledge he broke a branch from Yggdrasil for his all-ruling spear on whose shaft are carved the Runes of Bargain which represent the limits of his power. That the sword is broken thereon shows that Siegmund is not the free hero whom Wotan yearns to create. "The only one who might dare

do what I dare not would be some hero whom I have never stooped to help." But Siegmund, in his death, is victorious over the power which fettered the life of the twins; for, at Wotan's contemptuous words "Go slave! kneel before Fricka!" Hunding falls dead.

Brynhild flies from the scene with the bereaved Sieglinde, and with the help of her sister Valkyries directs her to the wood where the dragon Fafnir guards the Ring and Hoard. There she will be safe, for Wotan has bound himself to hold Fafnir's territory sacred. Giving her the pieces of the sword she tells her the joyful news:

"The highest hero of worlds guard'st thou,
O woman, in sheltering shrine.
His name I give to him now:—
'Siegfried' of gladdening sword!"

Then she turns to face alone the wrath of Wotan, who has pursued her and now pronounces her fate: "Thy punishment hast thou shaped thyself: Valkyrie art thou no more but only a woman of women!" In unprotected sleep he will leave her to be the slave of the first man who finds and wakens her. Brynhild pleads that she only carried out his secret wish. Wotan, while admitting this, replies that he is bound, but that she is free, for by her own act she is severed from him. "*Let thy happy mind hereafter guide thee.*" Although he loves his daughter he is powerless to stay the cycle of the Curse; but her last prayer he is able to grant:

"Fiery flames shall girdle the fell,
With terrible scorchings scaring the timid.
He who fears may win not Brynhild;
For one alone freeth the bride,
One freer than I, the God!"

Kissing Brynhild on both eyes he lays her in sleep upon the rock, covering her with helm and shield. Then at his command the flames of Loki surround her, and his last words are:

"He shall never pass through the fire
Who fears my avenging spear."

Thus the Spirit of Love breaks from the thraldom of the Gods, and, acting in defiance of written law and manmade morals, chooses its own heroic destiny, paving the way for its future entry into the hearts of men. But the penalty of freedom has to be paid. Allying herself to the secret law of renunciation, Brynhild loses the laughter-loving bliss of Valhalla and awaits on the threshold of the earth the coming of the hero Siegfried.

BASIL CRUMP.

LITERARY NOTES.

LOTUSBLÜTEN for February contains articles on "Lucifer," "Pleasure and Pain," by Mabel Collins; "Christlike Mystic," "Theosophy in China," and "Modern Legends," with the usual notes.—[G.]

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM for March with some admirable answers by "L. G.," Dr. Buck and others, is chiefly devoted to Crusade news and affairs connected with the new school.—[G.]

THE THEOSOPHICAL NEWS, with its special feature of adequate accounts of the Theosophical activities throughout the world, contains an item of great interest in the announcement following Mrs. Cleather's letter in the March 15th number. We miss Mr. Patterson's usual contribution. The foreign news is especially full and satisfactory.—[G.]

CHILD-LIFE for March opens with a fair account of the story of Lohengrin reduced to a child's level. "A Nature Talk," by Mrs. Judge, another chapter of "Margery's Dream," and "Keynotes for Child Lovers," complete the main features of a number rather above the average.—[G.]

THE PACIFIC THEOSOPHIST. It would seem that the list, too large, perhaps, of Theosophical magazines is not to be allowed to lessen, for with the announcement of the discontinuance of *The Lamp* comes news of the reincarnation of *The Pacific Theosophist*. Many will welcome their old friend, but the warmest admirer will be unable to commend the form it has assumed. A long article by J. H. Griffes, entitled "Why are Men Brothers?" nearly fills the first number. In the second there is an excellent paper by the editor, Dr. Anderson, a reprint of "Fragments" from THEOSOPHY, without acknowledgment, and some trenchant editorial notes. We wish the present manifestation of *The Pacific Theosophist* every possible success.—[G.]

ISIS for February is composed chiefly of short articles. "Glimpses of the Past" and "The Soul Photographed," are perhaps of chiefest interest. The always valuable "Letters on Occultism" is concerned this month with life cycles and contains wholesome advice and admonition. "Some Thoughts on the Labor Church Movement," truly a sign of the times, gives rise to many more thoughts.—[G.]

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST for February. "The Awakening of the Fires," by Æ, is finished, we regret to say, for we always hail prose writings by this author with special delight. "The Outlook," by the editor, is another of those soul-stirring articles that go straight to the heart, and admirable, too, is the talk on "Friendship." "Golden Grain," extracts from letters of friends, gives opportunity to preserve those useful fragments often found in ordinary correspondence, which might otherwise be lost. Mrs. Keightley contributes an installment on "The Bhagavad Gita," and writes of "The Future of the T. S." —[G.]

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

ENGLAND.

NEEDLESS to say that a shout of joy went up from the hearts of all the workers here when the arrival of the *Alameda* at San Francisco was discovered in the shipping news, and the further news of the dedication of the School and the first great public meeting has caused the utmost enthusiasm. Mrs. Cleather's news letters have been circulated throughout the country during the whole tour

and have been immensely appreciated by all. Sets of the copies will be sold at the conclusion of the tour in aid of the Crusade Fund.

Brother Herbert Crooke spent the first week of February in Paris, and accomplished some useful work for the branch there. Other members will go from time to time. He then went on to Brighton, where he formed a centre; passing on to Portsmouth, where Brothers Ryan and Edge have spread the message rapidly by voice and pen. At Market Lavington he presided over Brotherhood Suppers on successive days to 23 grown-ups and 43 children, with the result that a Lotus Circle of 23 has been formed. At Clifton 43 were fed, and lectures given on Brotherhood and Harmony, while other centres of work close at hand were also visited. Later Brother Crooke reports most successful work at Manchester, where a meeting of over 100 was held and centres formed at Gorton and Farnworth. The Socialists also invited him to address them, and he hopes to reach a large Labor Church party there. Brother Crooke also visited the steadily growing branches at Chesterfield and Baildon, and the new centre at Scarborough.

At Croydon Brother Dunn has attracted the attention and interest of the Labor Church movement, which has very similar aims to our own, and it is evident that there will be important work in this direction in the near future. All the other Branches report steady progress in all departments of their activity, and the membership and branch rolls still increase. Nearly 500 members, 36 branches, and 15 centres in the United Kingdom; all of them working actively in many ways for the Cause.

The *Theosophic Isis* has undergone an important change. From the March number it will appear under the name of *The Grail*, will be published exclusively at 77 Great Portland St., and will be more definitely than ever the organ of the T. S. in Europe (England). It will also, as its new name implies, devote more attention to Western than to Eastern occultism. A beautiful cover has been designed by Brother Machell on the lines of an old drawing.

BASIL CRUMP.

AMERICA.

H. P. B. T. S. had a rousing Home Crusade meeting in its hall on the evening of Sunday, January 24th. The room was well filled. Music was furnished by a string quartette during the intervals. The lectures since then have been as follows: Dr. E. D. Simpson, "The Three Objects of the T. S."; Mr. R. R. Bauer, "Comparative Mythologies"; Mr. Charles Johnston, "The Kingdom of Heaven"; Miss A. M. Stabler, "Theosophy the Hope of the Future"; Mr. A. L. Conger, Jr., "Mind"; Mr. B. Gattell, "Occultism."

On February 14th a Lotus Circle was started under the superintendence of Miss Edith K. Linnett. Fifteen children attended the opening meeting. We hope to give splendid accounts of the work of this new department in the future.

BALTIMORE T. S. A lecture was given on Sunday, March 14th, by Major James Albert Clark at Hazzards Hall on Reincarnation and was a decided success judging from the increased attendance and the nature of the questions asked, the applications for leaflets and the deposit on a plaque placed on the tables of sufficient coins to pay for the hall. Mr. Clark will present Theosophy before the "Free Discussion Society" at its next meeting.

SYRACUSE BRANCH has secured the use of Royal Templars Hall, for their Sunday evening lectures and Lotus Circle meetings. It will seat about 200, is nicely furnished, airy and commodious. We shall still keep our old room 128 Bastable, for our Wednesday evening discussions and class meetings. We are glad to report this progress, and to keep in line with the growth in Theosophical work and activity.

PACIFIC COAST ITEMS.

SAN FRANCISCO T. S. reports a gain of several new members during the past month. Work progressing steadily on all lines.

MRS. Mercie M. Thirds, the secretary of the Pacific Coast Committee was taken ill about the last of February, the result of overwork, and was given a vacation until June by the P. C. T. C. The vacancy thus caused has been filled

by the election of Amos J. Johnson as secretary *pro tem.*, to take general supervision of the work, while a number of ladies assume charge of headquarters in turn throughout the week. The ladies who are thus assisting are Mrs. Angie Magee, Mrs. E. P. Jones, Mrs. Isabel Coffrath, Miss Anne Bryce, Mrs. C. H. Bunker and Mrs. X. McKaig.

MRS. J. D. HASSFUTHER, of the Oakland Branch, has responded to invitations from the Socialists Club of that city and given two Theosophical lectures before that body. Large audiences were out and the lectures were well received and aroused great interest. Discussion and questions followed, and attention was called to the meetings of the T. S. which were subsequently attended. Considerable work of this kind has been done by F. T. S. on the coast, during the past seven years, and many Socialists have become interested in Theosophy and thus had some of their radical views modified. The ethical side of Theosophy has had beneficial effect upon a large number of Socialists, and that element, which at one time seemed to threaten social order, has now become one of the strongest factors favoring peaceable means for effecting the social revolution which is now quietly going on all over the land.

AT STOCKTON, a clergyman recently delivered a sermon, the ostensible purpose of which was to set forth Theosophy and warn his flock against its influence. The reverend gentleman was evidently not aware that some of his own members were also members of T. S. who not only were shocked at his wrong conclusions but desirous of correcting them, when printed in their local paper. A reply was prepared and printed in the same journal which, while dealing gently with his reverence, still stoutly combated his position and also enlightened some thousands of general readers as to what Theosophy really is.

ALAMEDA BRANCH moves steadily on. Its branch and public meetings grow in interest and attendance. Some recent speakers there are: Julius Oettl, Evan Williams, Mrs. J. D. Hassfuther, Miss Anne Bryce and Dr. Griffiths. The Lotus Circle recently started does fairly well and promises better.

DR. GRIFFITHS visited Sacramento, January 27th-February 8th, and under the auspices of both local branches held a series of meetings, which were well attended, and being conducted on the A. B. C. line proved beneficial. Both branches have since combined under the name of the "Hargrove Branch." New and commodious headquarters are secured, and during the visit of the Crusaders there, some twenty new members were added. Much energy and determination exists, and the prospects of Hargrove Branch are auspicious. The officers are: *President*, Mrs. J. E. Mills, *Vice-President*, Miss Felter, *Secretary*, Alfred Spinks, *Treasurer*, H. A. Burnett. The Sacramento Lotus Circle is one of the largest and best conducted on the coast, with an average attendance of twenty-five. It is superintended by Mrs. J. E. Mills, assisted by a corps of earnest and efficient teachers. Music is a prominent feature, and serves greatly to relieve any monotony or weariness which might otherwise creep in amongst a body of restless children. One could scarcely overestimate the present and far reaching good work now being done by Lotus Circles on the coast, and as experience develops better methods, their efficiency will proportionately increase.

DR. GRIFFITHS lectured in Oakland, March 7 and in Alameda, March 14th, on "Man and Woman," and "The Birth and Death of Suns and Planets."

SAN ARDO BRANCH, J. C. Hadley, *President*, reports that though a number have changed residence, still the meetings are kept up and several contemplate joining the branch.

THE PACIFIC COAST LECTURESHIP, covering a period of five years, closed March 14, 1897.

THE CLASS FOR STUDY conducted by Brother T. Parsons at Vancouver, B. C., is regularly held every Sunday, with prospect of a branch there belore long.

JAMES M. PRYSE lectured in San Francisco several times during February, and is now making a tour of the coast, being everywhere cordially received by the branches, and speaking to good audiences.

THE CRUSADE.

From San Francisco the Crusaders went to San Diego, Calif., where they arrived on February 18th. They held a free public meeting in the Unitarian Church and on the 23d took part in the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity at Point Loma, the stone being laid by Mrs. K. A. Tingley. A very large number of people from the neighborhood were present. Long and most friendly reports appeared in the local and San Francisco press. A full account of the ceremony and a report of all the speeches will be printed as soon as possible.

From San Diego the party travelled to Los Angeles and Sacramento, holding crowded meetings in both cities and arousing immense popular interest in Theosophy. The long interviews and reports which appeared in the newspapers offer the best possible proof of the wide-spread interest aroused. While in Sacramento Mrs. Tingley and other members of the party visited the State's Prison, addressing the prisoners, Mrs. Tingley moving many of her audience to tears.

Salt Lake City was reached on March 2d and the same success was met with there as elsewhere. . In Denver the whole city became interested in Theosophy. The Rev. Myron Reed lent his large theatre for a Sunday morning meeting, which was crowded, and on the evening of the same day—the 7th—the Banquet Hall in the Masonic Temple was crammed to overflowing half an hour before the meeting began. Two overflow meetings were held and many hundreds of people could not even gain admission to these.

From Denver the Crusaders travelled east to Kansas City, holding a crowded meeting there and being welcomed by the same kindly enthusiasm that they have everywhere met with. A night's journey brought them to St. Louis on March 12, where a new Branch was established at the conclusion of a public meeting at which many were obliged to stand throughout the proceedings. This has been a very common experience on the Crusade, hundreds of people standing from eight to ten o'clock at night, sufficiently interested in Theosophy to do so without a murmur. Besides the formation of a new Branch in St. Louis the old Arjuna Branch was greatly strengthened by the visit of the Crusade.

Leaving St. Louis on March 15th the party arrived at Chicago on the same day. The usual welcome greeting from the members and the customary interest on the part of numerous press representatives. It would have been difficult to have found room for a dozen more people in the immense Central Music Hall on the night of the Crusade meeting. The audience was exceedingly sympathetic and showed real interest. The newspaper reports next morning were not quite so lengthy as usual on account of the prize-fight taking place in Carson City! Chicago was bidden farewell on the 18th, Fort Wayne, Ind., being reached the same day. They were met by the usual Fort Wayne welcome; held a very successful public meeting and were obliged to hurry on at once to Indianapolis, where they arrived on the 20th. The press here as elsewhere was most friendly. A crowded meeting with many standing on the 21st, and now on to Cincinnati, Columbus, Toledo, Buffalo, Toronto and New York.

There are three gateways to Hell reserved for fools: these are called Hearsay, Supposition and Inference.—*Book of Items.*

ÔM.

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